

## How to punch your puppygirl

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# How to punch your puppygirl

by [AllAorde \(Bordementions\)](#)

## Summary

Who wants some stupid shit I write while buzzed and now  
finished editing on the lunch break of the worst shift of my life  
please kill me

## Notes

Girlframe pilots and they punch each other or smth idk please I  
want it to end I'm tired boss

IT SHOULDVE BEEN MEEEEEEEEEE

<https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz>

The locker room air was recycled, stale—the smell of the Foundation. It was a cold scent, one that usually helped you center yourself after a mission, but right now, it just felt suffocating.

You are following the new girl in. You told yourself it was for a reprimand. As the Ace, as the cadre's top dog, it was your responsibility to help police the liabilities somewhat. And it was a liability. A glitchy, aggressive, sloppy mess of a pilot that was one bad simulation away from being stripped for parts or lobotomized into compliance.

But deep in your brain, you knew why you were really walking past the blind spot of the cameras. You knew why you let the heavy mag-lock door seal shut behind you.

The new girl was already waiting, leaning against a bank of lockers, arms crossed over its chest. It didn't look scared. A dog should look scared when the ace corners it. Instead, it looked hungry.

"You're out of line," you said, your voice clipped and authoritative. You stood tall, the perfect picture of Foundation excellence. "Your synchronization rates during the sim were abysmal. You were lagging three seconds behind the targeting data. You're going to get the rest of us killed."

The new girl just stared, a crooked grin splitting its face. "Is that right? I thought I was keeping up just fine. Maybe you're just too fast for your own good, Princess."

"Don't call me that," you snapped, stepping into its personal space. You were used to looming over others, used to them shrinking away. "I am the ace. You are barely functioning trash. If you pull a stunt like that again, I will personally recommend to the Handler that you be decommissioned. Do you understand me? You are waste. You are—"

You didn't see the movement. You just felt the impact.

It wasn't a slap. It wasn't a shove. It was a dense, piston-like punch driven directly into your solar plexus.

Wham.

The air evacuated your lungs in a harsh, dying wheeze. Your vision went white at the edges. The neurological shock hit your implant ports like a power surge. Your knees, usually so steady, so perfectly

reinforced, buckled instantly. You didn't fall, but you slumped, catching yourself on the adjacent locker with a chaotic clatter of metal.

"Talks too much," the Newgirl muttered, shaking out its hand.

You gasped, trying to force air back into your diaphragm, your eyes watering. Disrespect. Insubordination. Assault. You weren't gonna stand for any of this shit.

"You... filthy..." you wheezed, trying to straighten up, trying to pull the mantle of the ace back around your trembling shoulders. "You'll be... punished..."

"Oh, shut up," it growled.

It stepped in, grabbing a handful of your flight suit near the collar, and slammed a second hook into your stomach, lower this time, right in the soft tissue.

"Guh—!"

The sound that escaped you was pathetic. It was wet and weak and entirely unbecoming of a pilot of your status. The pain bloomed hot and sickening, radiating out from your gut, short-circuiting your higher functions. Your legs gave out completely this time, but it didn't let you fall. It shoved you backward, pinning you hard against the cold metal of the lockers.

"Look at you," the new girl sneered, its face inches from yours. "Foundation's golden girl. Perfect stats. Perfect combat record." It drove a knee into your thigh, hard enough to bruise, keeping you pinned. "But you're just soft meat like the rest of us, aren't you?"

"I am... superior..." you tried to snarl, but it came out as a breathless whine. You clawed at its arms, weak attempts to push it away, but your fingers felt numb. The cortisol was spiking, not in combat focus, but in that dizzying, heavy rush you craved.

"Superior?" It laughed, a harsh, jagged sound. "You're drooling."

It pulled its fist back and buried it in your stomach again—short, controlled, brutal. It knew exactly where to hit to maximize the nausea without breaking anything important.

You folded around its fist, your forehead knocking against its

shoulder. A small, involuntary whimper bubbled up from your throat.

"There's the noise," the new girl whispered, its voice dropping to a mockery of affection. It grabbed your chin, forcing your head up. Your eyes were swimming, unfocused, desperate. "You try so hard out there to be a machine. Cold. Hard."

It slapped your cheek, stinging and sharp, contrasting the dull throb in your gut.

"But right here? You just gotta press this big ole button and look at you."

You couldn't breathe right. You couldn't think. All you could feel was the phantom echo of the punches and the heat of its hand on your face. You wanted to bite it. You wanted to command it to stop.

You stayed perfectly still.

"Speak up, ace," it taunted, leaning in until its lips brushed your ear. "Tell me to stop. Use that authority you love so much."

"I..." You swallowed hard, tasting bile. "I'm going to... report you..."

"Liar," it hissed. It slammed you back against the locker again, the metal rattling loudly in the quiet room. It pressed its forearm against your throat, not choking you, but holding you there on display. "You followed me here. You knew I was pissed off. You knew I'd do this."

"You're not an ace right now," the new girl murmured, looking down at you with a mix of disgust and amusement. "Look at you, shaking like that. Taking hits and just standing there taking it."

It grinned, showing teeth.

"You're just a puppy. A little kick-dog looking for a boot."

"I... I am not..." you stammered, your voice cracking in the middle of the sentence. You tried to shove its chest, to push the new girl away, but your arms felt like they were filled with lead. "I am not a d-dog. I am an ace. You... you can't just..."

"I can't just what?" it interrupted, its voice low and mocking. "Can't just tune you up? You look like you need maintenance, Princess. I'm just here to help."

It drew its fist back again, telegraphing the move, letting you see it

coming.

"Do you want another treat?" it asked, its eyes dancing with malicious glee. "Does the little puppy want another one right in the breadbasket?"

"No," you lied, the word trembling out of your mouth. You squeezed your eyes shut, bracing your core, bracing for the impact you were terrified of—and desperate for. "No, I d-don't... stop..."

"Faggot," it whispered.

Thud.

The impact was heavy, sinking deep into your stomach, driving the air out of you in a sharp, jagged hiccup. Your hands scrabbled uselessly against the cold metal of the locker door behind you, trying to find purchase, trying to stay standing as your legs turned to jelly.

"Ghh-huuuh..." You curled forward, forehead pressing against its chest, drool stringing from your lip. It was too much. It was perfect. The pain was a white-hot star in your gut, burning away all the stress of the mission, all the pressure of the Handler, all the expectations of the Foundation.

"Look at you squirm," the Newgirl laughed, grabbing a handful of your hair and yanking your head back. "Look at this thing that's supposed to be my ace. Dripping. Whining." It shook your head slightly. "You say 'no,' but your body is screaming 'yes,' isn't it? It's pathetic."

It released your hair and let you slump, taking a half-step back.

The sudden absence of contact was worse than the punch. You swayed, dazed, your eyes struggling to focus on the flickering fluorescent light above. The cold air hit your sweat-dampened flight suit. You felt empty. You felt... bereft.

You blinked, trying to clear the haze, looking up at it with glassy, dilated eyes. You let out a soft, involuntary sound—a tiny, needy whine in the back of your throat.

"Aw, did you miss me?" the Newgirl sneered, tilting its head. It crossed its arms, looking down at you like you were something it had scraped off its boot. "You're waking up. That won't do."

It stepped back into your space, looming.

"You want another one?" it asked, its voice dropping to a commanding frequency. "You want me to ruin you again?"

"I..." You swallowed thick saliva. Your abdominal muscles were throbbing, screaming in protest, but your brain was swimming in a chemical bath of submission. "I... yes... please..."

"Nuh-uh." It shoved you again. "Pilots ask. Puppies beg."

It leaned in close, its grin predatory and wide.

"If you want a treat, you're going to be a good puppy and bark for it."

Your eyes widened. The shame flared hot and bright—the ace of the cadre, reduced to this? Making animal noises in a locker room for the amusement of a wash-out? But the shame only fed the fire. It twisted inside you, mixing with the pain until you couldn't tell them apart.

"I... c-can't..." you whispered.

"Then you don't get hit," it said simply, turning as if to leave. "Guess I'll just leave you here, wallowing in your own filth."

"N-no... please.." The word tore out of you before you could stop it. You reached out, grabbing the sleeve of its flight suit with trembling fingers. You couldn't handle the thought of it stopping. Not now. Not when you were so close.

You looked up at it, your face burning, your lips trembling.

"W-woof."

It was quiet. Pathetic. Barely a sound.

Smack.

It backhanded you across the face—not hard enough to damage, but hard enough to sting, to humiliate.

"Pathetic," it spat. "That wasn't shit, nevertheless a bark. I can't hear you, puppy. Is that how you ask for what you want?"

It grabbed your jaw, squeezing your cheeks until your lips puckered up. "Be a good girl and try again."

The degradation washed over you like a tidal wave. Good girl. The words bounded around in your head. You weren't a pilot anymore.

And you certainly weren't an ace. You were just a thing that needed to be put in its place.

"Woof!" you barked, louder this time, desperate, pleading. "A-arf! Woof!"

"Good puppy," it cooed, darker this time.

It pulled back and drove its fist into your stomach again—harder this time, putting its weight into it.

"AGH-!"

The bark turned into a strangled cry as the air left you instantly. You folded in half, sliding down the locker until your knees hit the floor, your forehead resting against its thigh. You were gasping, hacking, tears streaming down your face, shivering violently.

"That's it," the new girl murmured, stroking your hair while you choked for air against its leg. "That's a good, puppy. Taking it so well."

It waited for you to suck in a ragged breath, then nudged your head with its knee. "Again," it ordered. "Beg for it."

You didn't hesitate. You couldn't. You were trembling, slobbering on its flight suit, your mind completely blank except for the need for the next impact.

"W-wrff.." you cried out, looking up at it with adoration and desperation, your hands clutching its legs. "Barrk! Please! Woof!"

"So eager," it laughed, a cruel, satisfied sound. "Open wide, puppy."

It didn't wait. It grabbed you by the throat, hauled you halfway up, and delivered the next "treat" right into your heaving ribs.

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